

Penelope Stiggins lived in Boston. Her father had gained great riches by selling cologne. He had formerly been a Professor at Harvard, but went into mercantile life that he might make wealth and build a telescope so powerful that his theory of the sun's spots would be proven true and his enemies humbled. When the money was secured he had forgotten about the telescope. Penelope was his only child, and she loved her father dearly, losing him hardly every evening after he had come from the store and changed his clothes. She was not partial to cologne.

The day Penelope was seated alone in her boudoir (Boston room) reading a treatise on horizontal cleavage, in red sandstone, when Celia mestra Quirk came in. The two girls chatted for a while on the progress of nationalism in Europe.

"Have you seen that dashing Mr. West from Chicago recently, Pen?" asked Celia mestra, suddenly changing the subject of conversation.

A bright flush mounted the girl's face as she said softly, "I am going to marry him."

Not a word was spoken for at least a second. Then Miss Quirk said, "Why do you marry this man?"

"Let me tell you," replied Penelope. "You know I am cultured—too much so, perhaps. When, therefore, Mr. West visited me, soon after his arrival in Boston, to attend one of the Wednesday organ concerts, I consented, little knowing what awaited me."

"When the first piece was over (I remember it was 'The Tannhauser Overture'), I sat quite still, the tears ran down my face, but no words would come. Then it was I knew in an instant how perfectly sympathetic were my companion and myself. If he had at that moment uttered one of the commonplace or conventional criticisms one hears so often, I should have fled him forever. But he did not; he only said, very quietly, after I had recovered myself a little, 'I am so thankful that you heard it with me,' and I replied, 'It only might last forever.'

Two weeks later the marriage took place, and Penelope is now a resident of Chicago. The wild, free life of the golden West suits her exactly, and on Monday afternoons when she is hanging out the clothes, and the southwest breeze hums merrily through the clothes pins in her smooth, and expressive eyes—she leans back, and dreams of the Wagner concert, and says softly to herself, "After all, I can still dream on the cat's tail when the feeling of loneliness comes over me."—Chicago Tribune.

*Showing a Pretty Picture.*

"You must say words. She won't go into the water if you see her. Why, she would fall all to pieces if she did. She looks very nice and plump and pretty now, but the water would make her a fright. That's her beam with her. Do you suppose she is going to show what an elegant form she hasn't got by going into the water? I tell you she is all skin. The water would pull her dress all down and would show every bit of the padding about it!" Belle tucks her head distainfully. Belle is right. The beautiful hair is not wet with salt water. The young girl steps into the foam which rolls upon the beach, and, with an affected little scream, jumps back in an instant. "Oh, it's cold!" she cries, although her ankles have been hardly wet. Her escort comes to her rescue, and after a sufficient amount of giggling, the girl allows herself to be dragged in up to her knees. But no farther will she go. In a moment she is out. And then I see through it all. The beautiful silk stockings clinging close to her limbs, and are prettier than ever. It is a very pretty and she has and everybody knows it, and so the girl and her escort parade up and down the beach they are the center of attraction. It is hard to believe that a girl will do such things, but it is a solid fact and an every day occurrence.—Tape Mail Letter.

*What "Ta-Ta" Originally Meant.*

For several years American paragraphs have been using this old Southern expression, "ta-ta," as a term of humorous farewell, thus giving it a meaning entirely different from that it started out in life with. No one who was ever patted, loved and spoiled by a kind old black "mammy," can ever forget that "ta-ta" in baby dialect is "thank you," or, to give an exact definition from our unwritten vocabulary, "thanky." "Ta-ta" belongs exclusively to the little ones; it is as peculiarly their own as are "cuty cat" and "this little pig went to market," and all those wondrous things belonging to child life. To the great world "ta-ta" is nothing but a ludicrous expression, but to many of us there's something half touching, half comical in the quaint old words that bring back so vividly the old days when we planted raisin weeds, rode stick horses, believed in ghosts, knew that the fairies were hiding in the ferns, and that pots of gold were awaiting us at the end of the rainbow.—Detroit Free Press.

**A RINGER FOR KOMICS.**—It is generally believed that komics can be made of mare's milk only, but we are assured that the komics prepared by the following recipe is equal in all respects to the best imported: Into one quart of new milk, put one gill of fresh butter-milk and three or four lumps of white sugar. Mix well and see that the sugar dissolves. Put in a warm place to stand ten hours, when it will be thick. Pour from one vessel to another until it becomes smooth and uniform in consistency. Bottle and keep in a warm place twenty-four hours; it may take thirty days in Winter. The bottle must be tightly corked, and the cork tied down. Shake well five minutes before opening.—[New York Mail.]

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Blue Chip. There are 460,000,000 Mohammedans in the world; 360,000,000 Buddhists, and 190,000,000 Roman Catholics. The Mohammedans are by at least 100,000,000 the most numerous sect in the world.

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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ONE	TWO	THREE	FOUR	FIVE	SIX	SEVEN	EIGHT	NINE	TEN
One	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$5.00
Two	1.25	1.75	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25
Three	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50
Four	1.75	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75
Five	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00
Six	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25
Seven	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
Eight	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75
Nine	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
Ten	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75	7.25

OUR OFFICE IS COMPLETE

in every particular; and our Joe Printer is at the head of the list in the State. Prices will suit the times.

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The Drought of 1881.

A Mercer county correspondent of the *Stanford Journal* writes a column article concerning the dread drought of 1881, which he says lasted from the early Summer until the middle of January. He writes that while its force was spending "the hot weather itch," and thousands died, literally tearing the skin from their sides and backs in their frantic efforts to scratch themselves to relieve the intolerable itching. Deer and hares died with black tongue; fowls and birds became listless and stupified, moping in despair, lost their plumage and died in utter misery. Men, women and children grew sick with disappointed hopes for the healing showers, drinking the foul, carbonized water and eating dusty food, and many died of a disease not known before or since. Maimed with the dried and parched grass, deprived of all nutritive elements by the long drought, the cattle, sheep and horses roamed over the fields and through the forests, moving and howling as pawing the earth in impotent rage. Added to these horrors, the fields and forests took fire and burned for weeks and months. The air was filled with smoke and ashes, producing another horror in the shape of some form of ophthalmia that was almost intolerable. Fresh vegetables were soon exhausted; the cattle were too diseased to be used for food, water was scarce and unfit to drink, fires were raging, and the whole population afflicted with disease in some shape. This state of things lasted until the middle of January, when the blessed rain and the really beautiful snow came, and saved the country from utter annihilation."

The *Stanford Journal* suggests that the licensees will give employment to a half dozen saw mills for the next five years, and then Casey county has more good second rate farming lands than any other county in the State of its size, and can still offer her lands to industrious settlers at as cheap rates as can be found in any county in the State. We have good timber roads leading through various parts of the county, good society all over the country, good common schools with competent teachers, now running all well-organized schools and high schools with splendid buildings and full corps of teachers, now in full operation at Middleburg. We invite immigration, and want mechanics and machinists to visit our county and see for themselves. Moreau.—CASEY COUNTY.

Foolish Calcutting.

We frequently receive statements made of how much the United States is a large number of persons would amount to, as if there were any significance in lumping together the years of different persons. These calculations are just about as important and useful as it would be to reckon how many inches the trees in all the world would measure if they were cut down and then placed end to end.

"That's so!" said John. "Stand fast, Sally! Don't git all infer quiver now!" gently taking her arm. "Com'r long in place, it's most over with"—and she called him Tom Richards' well-trained boys were making. After a time the music ceased, and the General stepped to the front to acknowledge the compliment. He began by saying that "he had been in his room when he heard the old familiar holler-call of Tom Richards. Instantly it took him back through all the years to Mexico, when he knew that the gallant Tom Richards sounding the rallying notes, and he recalled the same gallant fellow on the battle-fields of the South sounding the alarm. No matter where he might be, he should always recognize Tom Richards' call to arms." There was a good deal more of the same sort of pleasant talk which definitely amused those who were present when the gallant General wanted to know what "old" stage horn that done?"

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